

LAUS MORTIS.

Nay, why should I fear Death,
Who gives us life, and in exchange takes breath?

He is like cordial Spring
That lifts above the soil each buried thing—

Like Autumn, kind and brief—
The frost that chills the branches, frees the leaf—

Like Winter's stormy hours
That spread their fleece of snow to save the flowers—

The lordliest of all things—
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings!

Fearing no covert thrust,
Let me walk onward, armed with valiant trust;

Dreading no unseen knife,
Across Death's threshold step from life to life!

O all ye frightened folk,
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

What daybreak need you fear?
The love will rule you there which guides you here!

Where Life, the Sower, stands,
Scattering the ages from his swinging hands,

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown.

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid!

God's husbandman thou art!—
In His unwithering sheaves, oh, bind my heart!
—Frederick Lawrence Knowles (Dana Estes & Co.).

A False Lover and a True.

By E. L. A.

ALL her friends, and they were many, knew the secret which Jacques kept locked up in that much-tried heart of hers.

She was a tall and pleasant-natured girl who, having married a man two years before, by the advice of her friends and against her own feminine instincts, had been deserted for her pains after a brief twelve months of married misery; by one who had turned out a reprobate of the finest water. The cruellest part of it was that, though the iron fetters of matrimony still lay upon her, the black shadow to which she was linked had made no sign after his flight, had sent no token to say whether he was alive or dead, or if he would return some day.

And while poor Jacques was thus waiting there came on the scene handsome young Captain Danegarth, fresh from campaigning in the Philippines, and he fell hopelessly in love with her the very first time they met.

Had it been an ordinary case, Danegarth would have been near enough to get him gone at once when he realized that fact. But it was not an ordinary case, he told himself when his love began to grow, and he to argue on it. The shadow might already have drunk himself to death, he told himself; and if that were so—No! he could not, and would not, leave her while all was so uncertain. Thus it came about that the soldier circled ever near and more near the flame, and the poor lady was so gracious all that bitter time that shallow observers said she had no heart, and only her close friends noticed how her hands tightened when there came a chance ring upon the door-bell. At first she had been aware of the gallant captain only as a graceful presence added to the circle of her friends. Later on he became a welcome interest, and then, as he came more often, and the magnetism of his hidden sympathy fell upon her, something to look for, something to which her troubled heart, groping about for encouragement and support, instinctively felt it could turn without chance of rebuff.

At last the poor, distraught captain thought himself of asking advice, and, as often happens, got little good by it. First, he went to a certain veteran colonel, knowing in the ways of the world, and having propitiated the oracle with its most favorite cigars, poured out his soul.

"Well, my boy," said the voice of the old warrior from behind the blue Havana cloud, "there are but two things to be done, and you won't particularly like either of them. One is to take the fool's way of desperation, and the other the wise man's way of waiting; you will wait, and a kindly Providence will make a note of your good behavior."

"Yes," said the downcast lover, "I suppose that is the only thing for it."

So the poor man went off, very little comforted, his chin upon his chest, and for a day or two locked himself in the seclusion of his rooms, brooding, and planning all sorts of ridiculous ways out of the dilemma. He was away so long that acquaintances began to make inquiries of each other when they met, while shaking their heads ominously—young men were so impatient—always trying to force the hands of Providence and oblige dull-footed time to jump according to their fancies. As for the lady, she, too, noted his absence, and as the color which began to bud a little in her cheeks died down again, she learned for the first time, with a pang of self-reproach, how sweet his presence had become to her.

Where had he gone? She did not believe for a moment he would do anything desperate, but he might have been wise, which was just as fatal from her point of view; he might have fled while there was yet time, and her poor little heart went where heroines' hearts are supposed to be at the bare ideal. She listened day after day with consuming eagerness for some mention of him, and egged on his friends as well as she could to make inquiries,

and telling war tales in the same good cause with an unreal cheerfulness. And the false light in his face turned to a touchingly real one when poor Jacques, all the lovelier for the tell-tale paleness in her face, came into the room, where few were yet assembled, saw him, as was inevitable, and after a moment of inward self-repression, came over to him with an air of assumed indifference.

"Have you any small articles, Captain Danegarth," she said, smiling, after the first greeting was over, "that one of little means but large sympathy could buy?"

"Really, I hardly know what to offer you," he replied, the ardent lover indifferently veiled behind the shop-walker. "Here are some shells, all with their teeth drawn. That one wrecked a field cannon and then killed a man; it would make a good paper-weight. And here are spent-cartridge cases, any number of them, mostly blood-guilty, and ugly things at the best for a dainty table." Then, glancing round the stall, and not knowing how close Fate was at hand, he exclaimed: "Stay! There are a few trophies I brought back myself, and one of them, this silver locket, has quite a history attached to it. A pretty thing, isn't it?" he said, taking from its tray and holding up before her a silver ornament, heart-shaped, and about as big as a silver dollar, with an involved monogram carved upon one side of it. "The poor chap who owned this was fighting against us with the natives. He charged gallantly up a hill we held, and was mortally wounded by one of our troopers. I went out to him when the rush was over, gave him a drink of water, and held his head upon my knees, though he was an evil-looking customer, while he died. We buried him where he fell, and I took the locket from his breast, and possessed—why I know not—by an idle fancy that somewhere and somehow I might be able to restore it to the sweetheart or wife who gave it. Good God! What is the matter?"

All the time he was speaking that much-tried woman had kept her eyes fixed upon the locket; and, as he ended, from out of her heart and over her trembling lips went forth a cry—a human cry of irrefragable emotion—clear and unequivocal! She turned away as though she might have fainted; and in a moment the soldier's arm was around her waist, supporting her. But she struggled from him, and—

"Open it!" she cried. "Oh, open it and make sure! I may be mistaken." "Open the locket! It will not open, I have often tried." "Yes—yes it will! The little spring at the top, press that!"

There was a spring, though so cunningly concealed among the ornamentation that the captain had never before noticed it. But now he stepped back, the locket in his hand, and pressed it as he was bidden. At the touch the side flew back, and there before his eyes was a miniature of a girl—a beautiful girl! Who was it? Why, was he dreaming, was it possible? No; he was not dreaming. Another look, and the fact leaped into certainty—it was Jacques herself!

"Surely this is your portrait?" said the soldier in amazement. "Yes, and I gave it to him when we were first engaged." "Then the man who fell on that hillside, from whose breast I took this thing, which I have had through all these weeks of uncertainty—the man who died in my arms—was your husband?"

"Yes," answered the widow simply; and forthwith, sitting down on a convenient camp-stool, hid her face again in her hands and wept without reserve or shame.—The American Queen.

Servian Press and King Peter.
The ukase directed against the freedom of the Servian press, which was issued by King Peter, was the retort of that monarch to a number of newspapers which have recently held him up to approbrium. The Narodny List was the greatest offender in this respect, for each day it came out with a question of which the following are samples:

"Who is the biggest rascal in Servia, and in what high place does he sit?" "Who has fomented all the troubles of the last reign?" "On whose conscience lies the guilt of the murders of Prince Michael Obrenovitch and King Alexander?" "Who condones crime and puts a premium on treason?"

True, the monarch's journals are no less squeamish in their manner of dealing with opponents. Referring to the Narodny List, a semi-official journal says: "The scurrilous opposition rag evidently alludes to our sovereign," and adds that it should be suppressed.—London Chronicle.

How a Bet Turned Out.
Yesterday morning an elderly man of clerical aspect slipped while crossing State street, near Lake, and sat down in the mud.

"Bet you a dollar he swears when he gets up," said a bystander. "Done!" said another bystander. They went out into the street and assisted the fallen man to rise. Then he turned to them, pointed to his mouth, and made a few rapid signs with his fingers.

But as neither of them understood the deaf and dumb alphabet the wager was declared off.—Chicago Tribune.

D. H. Bull of Butztown.
In the blinding snowstorm Wednesday night the sole passenger on a trolley car into Butztown was a young 500-pound bull. He was picked up somewhere by the fender and thus carried for miles by the half-conscious motorman. When the car stopped at Butztown he made himself known by kicking through the vestibule window lights, and once getting free, scampered away into the snowdrifts.—Easton Free Press.

News of the Week

WASHINGTON.

Washington reports state that one of President Castro's political foes is in New York getting the sinews of war for the revolt against Venezuela's President, long predicted.

It is alleged that Government officials have evidence to prove that the Western railroads entered into a conspiracy with the Beef Trust to shut out competition.

Representatives of the Department of Justice in American ports on the Gulf of Mexico have been instructed to closely guard against the clearance of any filibustering expeditions against Guatemala. This was done at the request of the Guatemalan Government. General Morteza Khan, who succeeds General Isaac Khan as Persian Minister to Washington, was formally received at the White House by President Roosevelt.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, has broken the record for continuous service in Congress.

President Roosevelt received a portrait of the Empress Dowager of China as a token of the Chinese Government's good will toward the United States.

OUR ADOPTED ISLANDS.

The Porto Rico Legislature has passed a law, which Governor Winthrop will approve, for the maintenance of a permanent representative in the United States, with headquarters in New York, to promote the commercial interests of the island and, particularly, those of coffee growers.

The Porto Rican Executive Council revoked a \$3,000,000 franchise granted to an American firm for an electric railway.

Order prevails throughout Porto Rico, Governor W. H. Hunt reports. Never since civil government was established, has there been a call for the military forces. We have relied upon the Porto Rican insular police, which is well able to meet any situation that may arise.

DOMESTIC.

For the purchase of a site for a municipal electric lighting plant, the New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment authorized an appropriation of \$600,000.

A new Grand Jury investigation of the Iroquois Theatre fire was started at Chicago.

About fifty cents on a dollar will be paid creditors of the East End Savings Bank, at Columbus, Ohio.

The Federal Grand Jury, at Montgomery, Ala., returned a number of indictments for peonage and white capping.

With no reason known for the deed, Colonel Charles S. Arnold, one of the best known insurance men of the South, killed himself by shooting, at Atlanta, Ga.

Collector of Customs Leach announced in Cleveland that he had found \$50,000 in jewels belonging to Mrs. Chadwick upon which duty had not been paid.

Twelve hundred children were taken safely from the Juvenile Asylum in New York City, when it caught fire, the drill being perfect.

Dr. William Osler, of Baltimore, repeated his declaration that men more than forty years old have passed the period of usefulness to the world.

Joseph McGrath, New York City's oldest voter, died at the age of 107.

Trustees of the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York City re-elected J. P. Morgan president.

Warden J. Warren Mead, of Auburn (N. Y.) prison, has resigned after eight years' service, because of ill health.

Bellevue and other New York City hospitals are filled to overflowing. The severe winter caused a great increase in lung diseases.

Kansas blazed with oil-war enthusiasm, and a movement was started to create a State Commission to aid the Government investigation.

Max Fidler, a quiltmaker, of Brooklyn, N. Y., fell heir to \$250,000, a part of a \$400,000 estate accumulated by his uncle as a professional beggar in Russia.

The officers of the Joy Liner Larchmont on her arrival at Providence, R. I., reported to the police that John A. Hart, a passenger, had been murdered on board in the night.

Governor Higgins sent a message to the New York Legislature recommending immediate action to create continuous water-supply commissions for New York City and the State.

FOREIGN.

Severe snowstorms prevailed in Northern Spain and railway traffic was delayed.

At an auction sale in London a rock crystal ewer and cover from the Anglesey collection brought \$21,000.

The Czar has held an important council at Tsarsko-Selo, at which it is reported the possibilities of peace were discussed.

The unveiling of the statue of Marti, the Cuban patriot who organized the revolution which ended with the overthrow of Spanish power in Cuba, took place in Central Park, Havana.

The Austro-Hungarian Government is following the United States in sending officials to Abyssinia to establish closer commercial relations.

The trial of thirty-one Christians accused of the murder of a Jewess named Spiwok in the anti-Semitic riots ended at Kishineff. Nine of the defendants were acquitted, while twenty-two were sentenced to a month in prison.

Plans of the Government for a municipal gas lighting plant for the city of Paris were defeated in the Senate, which rejected a bill to that effect that had been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, and had been approved by the Paris Municipal Council.

Peru has protested against the recent Chilean-Ebolivian treaty.

The strike in Warsaw, a special cable dispatch reported, has extended to all chemists' assistants.

Japanese newspapers commented in sympathetic terms on the death of Grand Duke Sergius.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Why the "Butter Will Not Come."

We are receiving a great many inquiries at present about churning and troubles connected with churning, showing that at this season of the year difficulty in churning is quite general.

It is with hopes of reaching some who may need help along this line that these few hints are offered.

In order to understand and treat successfully the troubles connected with churning, we must understand the process of churning. The fat in milk and cream is not in solution, but exists as minute globules. They are so small as to be seen only by the aid of the microscope. Churning is merely causing these little fat particles to unite until they become visible, then the butter is said to "break." When they have reached the size of wheat kernels the churning should be stopped.

Therefore anything that tends to produce a hard fat, tends to prolong the time required for churning, because when hard, these little balls of fat will not unite when knocked together.

It is pertinent that we inquire what brings about this hard condition of the fat. Among the most important causes of hard fat may be mentioned the following:

1. Cows nearly dry.
2. Effect of food.
3. Cold temperature.

There is a change that takes place in both the size and texture of the fat globules in milk as the lactation period advances. The milk from cows nearly dry or giving only small amounts of milk contain fat globules that are comparatively small in size and very firm in texture, both of which retard the ease of churning.

Certain kinds of food tend to produce a hard condition of the fat in milk. Some grains, and especially cottonseed meal, cause the fat to become very hard.

Too low a temperature is one of the most common troubles and the one most easily remedied. A few degrees of temperature makes a big difference.

By using a dairy thermometer a few times you can determine the exact temperature to be used under your conditions, always bearing in mind that the lower the temperature that you can use and get butter in a reasonable length of time (thirty minutes), the better will be the quality of the butter, and the more butter will be made.

To remedy these defects, bear in mind the causes as noted above and take these precautions:

1. Try and have some fresh cows in your herd at this season of the year.
2. The churn should not be over half full.
3. Do not feed excessive amounts of cottonseed meal and dry roughage. If possible, provide some succulent food like roots and ensilage.
4. See that the cream is at the proper temperature for churning (sixty degrees to sixty-two degrees).
5. If trouble is experienced in churning, a vigorous souring of the cream will be found beneficial. During the fall and winter many times the cream does not readily sour, so it is kept at a high temperature. The quality of such butter is not good. A much better method is to add a little sour milk or buttermilk to the cream and hold at or near the churning temperature until sufficiently soured.—J. C. Kendall, A. & M. College, West Raleigh, N. C.

Hints About Peaches.

What is a good peach soil? In a general sense, any soil, whether sandy or gravel, clay or alluvial, will grow a peach tree, but tree growth is not the greatest consideration. Good flavor, fine texture and deep, rich color of the fruit are prime considerations. Experience proves that a thoroughly drained, deep sand loam, resting on a red clay subsoil fulfills these requirements better than any other type of soil. These soils abound in North Louisiana. In traveling through this section we see on every hand peach soils that the world cannot surpass.

This is an important factor in the problem of ultimate success. Experience proves and scientific truth demonstrates that a high and dry elevation is best. Water drainage is important and frost drainage is more important. The peach has an inveterate tendency to burst into bloom on the first approach of warm weather, and frequently, belated cold "snaps" cut it off, sometimes partially, sometimes completely. A high elevation will, therefore, afford partial protection, as by reason of the difference in specific gravity, the cold air settles to the lower levels, while the warmer rises to the higher. Therefore, select the highest location for the peach orchard available and give it the northern exposure.

If planting on a large scale for commercial purposes, the June buds will be found more profitable than one or two year old trees, by reason of difference in cost. The difference, however, in quality, variety, etc., is usually unimportant. The June buds, moreover, have the advantage of greater

News of the Day.

The Comte de Sampigny d'Issancourt over 60 years of age and living in the Boulevard Beau Sejour, has been the object of systematic sequestration for several years on the part of his own servants, Henri Sabourin and his wife, who made him believe that all his family had designs against him. The Count never left his home except in their company, broke with his family and made a will in favor of the servants. These are now being prosecuted for using undue influence.

ease in handling and of greater plasticity in the hands of the operator—that is, they can more easily and successfully be given the desired shape.

This is a question about which peach growers differ very widely. Some claim that fifteen by fifteen feet is sufficient. Others say sixteen by eighteen. Many adhere to the general rule of twenty by twenty as giving the best results in the long run. The latter distance we always advise.

For the best results, planting should be done in November. Trees should be ordered to arrive about the 15th. The soil should be previously prepared and planting should proceed at once.

The Dairyman's Mistake.

Owners of milk cows often make the mistake of supposing that a young cow with her first calf will give only milk enough to keep the calf in good condition. And so the cow and calf are allowed to run together, under the impression that the cow can be taught all about submitting to being milked after she has had her second calf.

Two mistakes, at least, are made in proceeding according to this view. Cows are largely the creatures of habit. With the first calf everything is new and strange to them, and they then readily submit to be milked, regarding it as all right. But allow the calves to run with the cows the first season, and a habit becomes formed which may not be forgotten or overcome in a lifetime. When they later submit to being milked, there is very apt to be an element of protest in the submitting. We thus see some of the effects of one of the mistakes.

The other, and perhaps greater, mistake brings us up facing the condition where the calf running with the sow draws milk every hour or two, so that the milk vessels are not distended with milk, though the quantity secreted in a given time may be quite large.

And yet this is the proper time for distending the milk ducts and expanding the udder to a good capacity for holding milk.

If the wrong course is taken about these matters trouble is almost certain to be realized when the next or second calf comes. Then the wish will be to have the milk retained for twelve hours.

If an error like that to which we have referred was made at the outset the udder is now more liable than it otherwise would be to become hard; perhaps milk will be found leaking from the teats; perhaps nature accommodates the quantity of milk to the capacity to retain in, and so the cow becomes permanently a smaller milker.

Much of the future character of the cow depends on the way in which she is managed and cared for when she has her first calf.—Home and Farm.

Who Made Money?

The orchardist who had the intelligence and industry to spray his peach and apple trees not less than three times. Mr. E. Riehl, one of the largest apple growers of Illinois, is now harvesting his ninth successive fancy apple crop. He has sprayed his orchard every year for ten years. The spraying with the Bordeaux mixture and Paris green have kept the foliage of his trees healthy and vigorous, and there have been no insects or fungi to damage the buds. He sold his apples at the best prices in the market, simply because he sprayed and kept his trees in the best of condition. Apples of his class are now selling in the Nashville market at \$1.25 per bushel, while unsprayed apples grown in Tennessee are selling for 75 cents. Why do not the fruit growers of the South fertilize, spray and cultivate their orchards in a way that would make them very profitable? Begin pruning in November and continue to put the trees in a healthy, vigorous condition before spring, spraying in February.—Key, in National Fruit Grower.

Irrigated and Unirrigated Onions.

During the past season an experiment has been conducted at the Beeville (Texas) station on the subject of the relative cost and yield of irrigated and unirrigated onions. One-twentieth acre plats were used in the experiment and accurate accounts kept of the cost of labor for cultivation, irrigation, etc., on each plat. It was found at the end of the season that the cost of the one-twentieth acre irrigated plat was about \$1.25 more than that of the unirrigated, while the yield was 1000 pounds greater for the first-named plat. As the onions sold locally at two cents per pound, this made a profit of about \$20 on the one-twentieth acre in favor of irrigation. During the period of the experiment five inches of rain fell, but this was so distributed that full benefit was not received by the crop. Had it not been for an opportune rain in the early part of April, it is probable that the unirrigated plat would have been almost an entire failure.—E. C. G., in National Fruit Grower.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Hope is the one thing you can't unboon the average man out of.

It is just as easy to find fault with a tallow candle as with an electric light.

Many a man doesn't know what he is talking about until after it is too late.

You may have observed that a good many people wear shoes on their understanding.